# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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## Choice Poetry.

### THEY ALL BELONG TO ME.

BY ELIZA COOK

I care not who may reckon
The wheat piled up in stacks,
Nor who has power to beckon
The woodman with his axe;
I care not who holds houses
Or the upland or the dell,
Nor who may count the flowers
When the flocks are fit to sell
While there's beauty none can barter
By the government and the taxes—
Charm who will by seal or charter—
Yet—they all belong to me.

There's the thick and dangling cluster
Where the fairy and pleasant play;
There are sheets of rose clusters,
There are hedges crowned with May;
There are vines all dark and grudging,
There are orchards ripe and red;
There are lands I wild does cross along,
The bushbirds to their tread
And in solo count in scenery
The value these may be—
Your fairest hold of the house
For I they all belong to me.

Yo cannot clip the view in
Yo cannot stuff for sale—
Yo cannot cheat the rills
The trees in all may smile
In the broad arms of the sky
The green crop must wander
With the commons to and fro
And while free cows may ramble
Or sweet wheat I only see—
By God, high heaven to promise
They all belong to me.

What care I for the pride
The cowkeep deem may yield?
I have the children plead
While upright in the field
What need I for the riches
The mill-stream gathers fast
While I have in study mood
The water-brook that is past
And see the lovely girl
Whose mirth I, who has title
To the wealth lands that lie
They are none without requisite—
God gave them all to me.

Oh, privilege and blessing
To find I ever true
What great ones in possessing
Imagine theirs alone—
The Lords of the Manor
Who gains such boon to wait
Who made no iron partaker
While shares they with its gate;
For while the seasons and sometimes
Stand up where I can see,
While God unlocks the treasures
They all belong to me.

## Original Novelet.

### THE BAYMOUNTS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MISS LESLIE, AUTHOR OF "MRS. WASHINGTON POTTS," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Miss E. Leslie, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART FOURTH.

Just three little Lucy ran in from feeding the chickens, with her corn-basket on her arm, and, looking half-frightened at her father, exclaimed,

"Cousin Randal's close by. He's just at the gate."

"Go bring him in," said the farmer.

Great was the delight that shone in the faces of the family; and Lucy dropped her corn-basket to run and give her father a hasty kiss to possess before she flew out of the door. In a moment she returned with her cousin Randal, leading him straight up to his uncle, and holding his hand very tightly.

"Randal," said the farmer, "sit down and take some breakfast."

Randal cheerfully complied, and Lucy ran for two clean plates, both of which she placed before him, and they were unanimously filled by her two sisters—their mother pouring him out a large cup of coffee, and their father looking on with a face of complaisance.

"Uncle, aunt, and cousins," said Randal, "I have come to urge your presence at our party next week—and as many visits between while as you choose."

"As to parties," said the farmer, "neither me nor mine have any fancy for setting ourselves up among grandees, and great people. Don't suppose, however, that we are the least afraid of meeting you or them. Why should we? And neither do we ever avert their company. We hold ourselves above that."

"But for Julianne's sake, and mine," pleaded Randal.

Farmer Baymount rethinking himself that he was getting good rather fast, resumed a stronger aspect, and said,

"After all, Randal, this running away from a parent to a last business, and ought not to be encouraged by those who have children."

"But," replied Randal, "may not a mother be as oppressive and intolerable as to forfeit all claim to the love of her child? You certainly do not believe that parents can do no wrong?"

"Children, go out of the room," said the farmer.

The children reluctantly obeyed; but went no farther than the porch, where they contrived to keep themselves within hearing distance.

"As to this woman," proceeded Randal Baymount, "this Mrs. Pratt Craugle, whom I will not honor so far as to call her my mother-in-law, she is unworthy the name of parent. She made the home of her children hateful. In it therefore surprising that, at least, one of them should be prevailed on to return to it no more. Mr. Baymount had scarcely finished her term at the boarding-school, and in two weeks was to leave it entirely, and go back to the dreary house where she and her sisters had endured, and were still to endure the grinding miseries and endless mortifications that a morbid, low minded, avaricious woman can and will inflict upon all around her."

"Poor thing—poor Julianne," said Mrs. Baymount. "How did you get acquainted with her?"

"I first saw her at one of the boarding-school balls," continued Randal, "to which an invitation had been obtained for me by Mrs. Rosier (the wife of our first lieutenant) who had a daughter there. I went with this lady and her husband, and was introduced to several very pretty girls, and to Julianne Vancleve, the most lovely of them all. It was there we met, and I fell in love like Romeo, instantaneously and desperately. And in truth I had no reason to hope that I had made an unfavorable impression on my Juliet."

"I suppose you were in uniform as you call it," remarked the farmer,

"Thank you, uncle. Yes, my buttons have the honorable impress of the eagle and anchor. But as a midshipman's uniform is not very dazzling, I do not think it could have won that affection. However, she allowed me to dance with her, and to talk to her, and I cent home enraptured. Mrs. Rosley had found an opportunity of giving me a sketch of my fair one's history. It signified that Miss Julianne Vancleve was entirely dependent on a mother, notoriously the most avaricious woman in New York; and one whom it was impossible for her children either to love or to respect. Worse than all, it was suspected that she was now planning a match between her youngest daughter and an Englishman."

"An Englishman! That is worst of all!" exclaimed the farmer; "well, how did you manage to get the girl out of jeopardy?"

"The discipline of the school was not very strict—the time and attention of the governess being chiefly occupied in visiting and receiving visits from her fashionable friends, and in writing billets to them, and in preparing for parties. Her assistants were negligent, and the supervision of the school was all show and no reality. The young ladies contrived very often to go out on shopping expeditions, and on indispensable errands to milliners and dress-makers, with episodes of frequent calls at the confectioner's, after the usual manner of boarding-school girls. They even ventured, at times, to take a walk—by ones, by twos, and by threes,' not in the nearest, but in the farthest park. So I did not find it altogether impossible, sometimes, to obtain an interview with my Julianne, and sometimes to get a letter conveyed to her, through the agency of one or other of her kind and considerate school-friends. Finally, she gave me leave to go and ask the consent of her mother. I did so, and was ordered out of the house. The result was, that we planned an elopement. It was arranged that, one holiday afternoon, Julianne was to meet me, accompanied by two of her school-mates, and I was to take them to see the frigate. So we went and we boarded, and the young ladies were delighted. In conducting them through the ship, I took them into the ward-room; and we found nobody there but my good friend, the chaplain, who was sitting with a book in his hand. Having already his cue, and Julianne being in the secret, as well as myself, the benevolent gentleman rose up and married us, and the two extra young ladies suddenly found themselves in the capacity of bride-maids. They laughed, and the other cried, and Julianne looked pale and frightened."

"And I suppose," said the farmer, "the gronmsmen were some of your midshipman cronies."

"Oh! no, indeed—the groomsmen were very respectable—no less persons than the second lieutenant and the sailing-master. They all agreed to come in unexpectedly, just as the ceremony commenced, and by a sign from the chaplain took their places, and pressed themselves into the service, saluting the bride when it was over. So, after escorting the assistant young ladies in a carriage to a corner near the boarding-school, Julianne and myself proceeded to the Astor House, from whence I wrote a note, to inform Mrs. Pratt Craugle that her daughter Julianne was now Mrs. Randal Baymount."

He then took a letter out of his pocket-book, saying,

"Next day we both received this epistle from the delectable lady."

MRS. MIDSHIPMAN BAYMOUNT:—

I conclude your husband has saved enough from his pay to lay by a considerable fortune, and I wish him and you much joy in spending it. You and your sisters have been living on her every since your marriage, I hear, and you know your wise and prudent step-father (as Randal Baymount used to call him) Mr. Pratt Craugle, left you nothing in his will—but everything to his disagreeable widow. Why should you? I am marrying you, and you are very long and severe courtship; he did not marry my daughters, and he had no right to leave any part of his large property to another man's children. Out of respect to the memory of my abused late husband, I shall, most assuredly, keep the whole estate for myself and my own child. Which, while, as you know, no you must take. I wash my hands of you. You know ingratitude as you call it. I had an excellent mother in view for you, as soon as you had done with her school. No less a person than Sir Gibbon De Gibb, Mrs. Kinchley's cherished boarder, an English nobleman. But I think he will outlive the disappointment. And instead of being nothing but what you are (the wife of one of those fellows that I've heard called sailors, and other bad names), you might have been Lady De Gibb.

I remain

Your unforgiving mother,

BARBARA VANCLEVE PRATT CRANGLE.

"I have one comfort left. Your runaway wedding cost me nothing. Your finery and wedding outfit not satisfied the expense of providing any marriage articles. As to what clothes you left at my house (your own happy home) I'll send them, in part payment for the expense of bringing you up. It is bad enough for me to have your sisters still on my hands. I have forbidden their writing you a single letter; and I never wish to hear of you again. B. V. P. C.

"Well," said farmer Baymount, "you may call in the children."

The children were so ready that they came in before they were quite called; and they ran their father shaking hands with Randal.

"Circumstances alter cases," proceeded the farmer, "I have heard lawyers say so. The doings of this abominable woman, are so fiendly unjustifiable, that I now think her daughter was quite justifiable in leaving her, above all, as there was danger of an Englishman."

"An Englishman!" An Englishman!" exclaimed all the girls, holding up their hands; as if they had overheard nothing during their hide-and-seek to the porch.

"Now you see we children were once treated of that way," continued the farmer. "If I have thought best to keep a pretty tight rein, it was all for their own good. They were never overworked; and they always had plenty of provender, and good clothes to their backs. Girls, I thought you had gone to take off your shortgowns."

"We shall all go to the party now," shouted Nelly.

"I don't know but you shall. Yes, I reckon things by halves. So I'll give you money to buy some new clothes, that you may look as well as you can, among the company. Only take care not to be too fine. And I'll even go myself, by way of doing honor to Randal's wife. Yes, I'll even go among the grandees—though I'm as plain an old fellow as ever lived."

"Plain as salt," replied Mrs. Baymount, "there's no reason why any husband should be afraid to show his face before the greatest company on earth—even before the President."

"No reason whatever," said Randal. "So you will all come; you dear aunt, and all your children—not forgetting little Lucy, and my good friend, bashful Christopher. Frank and Susan Sutton, have already accepted their invitations."

Lucy, jumping for joy, began immediately to consult with her sisters about her new dress in the parlor, and whether she should wear a pink sash, a blue, or a blue.

"And now, Randal Baymount," said the farmer, "bring your wife, and dine with us to-morrow, and bring you father, also; and if she thinks twelve too early an hour, we will not have dinner till one, as I never do things by halves."

"Thank you again, uncle," answered Randal. "And now let me take Lucy home with me to spend the day. I will bring her back safely in the evening."

A happy child was Lucy Baymount, as equipped in her second best clothes, she ran beside her cousin Randal, holding his hand, and entertaining him with the story of the sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

As soon as they were gone, Mrs. Baymount, with Nelly, and Jenny, held a council as to the preparations for next day's dinner, and proposed consulting Mrs. Grose's cookery book; a venerable publication that had belonged to her grandmother, and was kept always on the top shelf of a closet up stairs, to be looked at only on great occasions.

"Nonsense," said the farmer, "don't make fools of yourselves, by trying any kind of new fare. That will be full as well pleased with a good country dinner, and glad to better. I'll answer for Randal, at least; for when a boy he always loved roast turkey."

"Boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Baymount.

"Well, wife," said the farmer, "there's no great hardship in enjoying yours—"

"Then," said Mrs. Baymount, "we'll have a great pedgier, a roast pig, and a gansmon, and cherry pies, and gooseberry pudding, and custards, and syllabub—and anything else we can think of. Come, girls, come—we've no time to waste."

"How glad Frank will be, when he comes home, and hears all this!" said Nelly.

"Right," resumed the farmer; "be sure to have Susan Sutton asked, and her father and mother, and sister and brothers. Wife, see that there's plenty for all."

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. Baymount, "we can have another pig—one at each end of the table. One pig shall have a great bunch of parsley in his mouth, and one in each ear—and the other shall have a lump of mashed potato on his nose, and his feet daubed with the same. Amy Sutton says that's the newest fashion for roast pig's ornaments."

Little Lucy spent a charming day—and Randal brought her home, delighted with her cousin Julianne.

The dinner next day went off as well as possible—the farmer evincing stupendous cordiality towards his guests. She and Susan Sutton became great friends; and all was now harmony.

After the guests had departed, farmer Baymount reminded his children that his opinion of runaway matches, in general, remained unchanged; but this one, in particular, might be excused—and this one only, as there could not in the world be another mother like Mrs. Pratt Craugle.

* * * * *

The evening of the party came—and among the earliest of the guests were farmer Baymount and his family—all newly dressed for the occasion—but all looking exactly like what they were. It is always remembered in America, that many of the master-spirits of our nation, have guided the plough share, and driven the hay-wagon.

The rooms looked well. Julianne had decorated them with abundance of flowers, tastefully disposed. Two additional waiters had been brought from Lancaster; and Jacques Dubois, in great glory, officiated as attendant in the ladies' dressing-room. In preparing what is called the entertainment, (meaning the refreshments, alias the eatables,) Julianne had rendered bloody constant assistance; and Bloody declared that the young lady seemed to be "a born pastry-cook, and a great deal handier and smarter than that goudy Jempsiana."

The company had all arrived. Tea was over; and had, as usual, produced an access of activity. All were talking merrily; and Julianne, Randal, and the squire, doing the honors to perfection, when still another vehicle was heard to stop at the gate; and three second an extraordinary bustle in the hall. Presently the door was thrown open, at the door of the front-parlor, and Jacques announced, in a loud voice,

"Mr. and Mrs. Gibbon, and Miss Randal Baymount!" don't be frightened," exclaimed the girl, "but I've dreadful news for you. Now, don't look pale—but it's awful! Don't begin to tremble. I'm going to break it to you by degrees. But it's a terrible misfortune; a real horrour and terrour."

"Tell me in a moment, what it is," gasped our heroine.

"Your mother's come! Mrs. Pratt Craugle is now in the house. She's up in the ladies' room. I was ready to fall down in a fainting fit, when I saw her come in. She arrove just now, in that great chay-chase drive off; and here's her luggage standing in the hall."

Julianne, much overcome, sat down on the stairs, and leaned her head against the banisters.

"Ooh! you nigger somerset!" exclaimed the Englishman. "What do I care about my—I mean your confounded stairs. Do don't stand there with your mother; but break up, and get me something to beat. I'm as angry as an ass."

The black boy departed, murmuring. "Any how, we won't Yankees," and scolding one of the hired waiters in the hall, for not to him, at once, with a cup of tea. Julianne, left alone with Sir Gibbon, felt that she must be candid with her husband. "Dear Randal," she said, "I must tell you that my mother—"

"No, no," said Randal, starting himself, and drawing her head. "That you must not. I always was to do my duty, and keep up my character as a man of behavior; but she must again vacate my house, and the very English. And none of them are real gentlemen, I've told you."

"Plain! how many Englishmen have you seen?"

"Not many, to be sure. But still I can say—I'll a real gentleman. They never call on people without invitations, and they don't encourage absurd fellows to come to their houses. And they don't make speeches at parties.

When Julianne entered to the room, she was glad to find a young lady engaged to her guests, and accordingly left them to the care of her husband. The latter was in no opportunity of telling Randal the strange arrival of his mother-in-law, and her daughter's marriage with Sir Gibbon.

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"Of course they shall."

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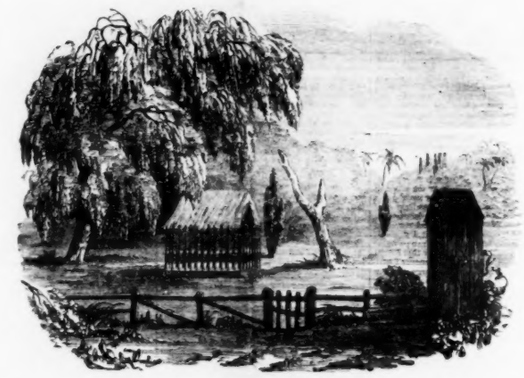
Just then the new bride and groom made their appearance, and Randal introduced them to his father as Sir Gibbon and Lady De Gold.

Sir Gibbon was a tall red faced man, with very prominent gray eyes, that looked as if they had been put on outside, and very projecting underlip, with a thick, shortish, reddish haked beard, ing his face from ear to ear like a heavy fringe, a style of beard that the greatest English call moustache, as being much affected by the chief dandies distinguished as mutes. It is all the mode, the most vulgar and unbecoming. Randal Baymount, who had been in England, very soon perceived that Sir Gibbon De Gibb was no gentleman in his own country, particularly when in company with his daughter-in-law; but remembered also, that the latter class of Englishmen are ill to by all Americans.

On being introduced, Squire Baymount opened his mouth, held out his hand to Sir Gibbon, who drew back, and looked as if he thought the man was drunk or mad. And Lady De Gold whispered to Julianne:

"Do tell your father to tell that it is not to shakable for English gentlemen to shake hands. And, besides, you know Sir Gibbon De Gibb is a baronet."

Lady De Gold was a thin, hatchet-faced, ugly young person, rather pockmarked, with prominent gray eyes, and reddish hair, which she wore in ringlets. On the back of her head sat a tawdry, flimsy, flowered cap, with a red rose in front—a flower. Upperly in love with the cloth it had taken to this rose as its favorite attempt at concealing the scarcity that should have been in the region of her cheeks, and to conceal the redness of her nose, which, however, was not to be concealed. She was dressed in the height of the fashion, and had on a profusion of jewelry, though it was all, indeed, more like a cheapness. She showed with iron railings, upon which is placed a thatched roof, to prevent the rain from falling the bed during the season of heavy rain. The descent into the tomb is by a short ladder, kept for the accommodation of visitors, hundreds of whom have scribbled their names upon the stone; the smallest space at the bottom, in which the coffin was deposited, being filled with the wild flowering geranium and other flowers in tropical luxuriance. A short turn soon opened to a gentle slope, leading to Slane's Valley, in the depth of which the remains of Napoleon were interred, according to his own special request. Having descended into the tomb by the steps at the entrance in the ground, an odd persimmon led me to the site of the vault, around which a few cypress trees displayed their sombre foliage. The place is inclosed with iron railings, upon which is placed a thatched roof, to prevent the rain from falling the bed during the season of heavy rain. The descent into the tomb is by a short ladder, kept for the accommodation of visitors, hundreds of whom have scribbled their names upon the stone; the smallest space at the bottom, in which the coffin was deposited, being filled with the wild flowering geranium and other flowers in tropical luxuriance. A short turn soon opened to a gentle slope, leading to Slane's Valley, in the depth of which the remains of Napoleon were interred, according to his own special request. Having descended into the tomb by the steps at the entrance in the ground, an odd persimmon led me to the site of the vault, around which a few cypress trees displayed their sombre foliage. The place is in-



THE FIRST GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.

## Our Picture Gallery.

The above is a well engraved and accurate representation of the present appearance of the first grave of the corpse of Napoleon was first buried. Although it no longer holds the mouldering beloved the mighty conqueror, it still answers remain one of the memorable spots of earth—like the first resting-places of Charlemagne, Columbus and Washington. The French nation exhumed the decaying body of their once Emperor, and conveyed it with solemn pomp to Paris, where it now lies under the dome of the Hospital of Invalids. The artist also made the sketch, from which the illustration is engraved, given the following account of the present appearance of the burial-place of the conqueror:

"After ascending a long and tiresome road up the steep side of a mountain, I found myself near a rustic building, called The Alarm House. From this elevation the traveler was a grateful relief to the burning air, the eloquent on the road. I descended to more locate; whilst dances Town tapered up from the steep side beneath like a range of hills. My route now lay through plantations, the road edged with the sharp aloe, and here and there lengthened with the still more threatening grandeur and other flowers in tropical luxuriance. A short turn soon opened to a gentle slope, leading to Slane's Valley, in the depth of which the remains of Napoleon were interred, according to his own special request. Having descended into the tomb by the steps at the entrance in the ground, an odd persimmon led me to the site of the vault, around which a few cypress trees displayed their sombre foliage. The place is in-

let; and then do you show him to a room for the purpose."

The boy ran down to the office, (where he found the Englishman standing a segar in the rocking-chair) and said,

"Sir, Lady Wycliffe wants to know if you'll go to a toilet?"

"Eh?" replied Sir Gibbon. "I'm not in Hoogland here, and obliged to last according to bobjoyette. This rig will do well enough for the Yankees."

"We ain't Yankees, sir," said the boy, "but belongs to old Pennsylvany State, and then comes from Dobby States, six thousand miles off."

"Ooh! you nigger somerset!" exclaimed the Englishman. "What do I care about any of your confounded States. Be don't stand there with your mother; but break up, and get me something to beat. I'm as angry as an ass."

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Mrs. Pratt Craugle. She's not worth my further discourse. So let her rest forevermore in bobjoyette."

"But I'll talk about the Englishman as much as I please," said Jupe. "There's always fair game. There's no bar to that. Of all the impudence that ever lived, his'n was the worst. He kept consulting me the whole breakfast time, and calling me the dreadfullest names, and his wife egging him on, and I, trying all the time, to wait my best on them."

"Well, well," said Bloody, "when lord haughtiers gets into people, they blow off their spite upon anything that comes in their way, anything they ain't afeard of; but come, get to work, get to work, both of you. This will be a throng day, clearing away the rubbage after the party. What a trouble we've had. Anyhow, it's some comfort for the head cook to know that all the victuals was praised."

"True enough, Bloody," replied Jemposiana, affable. "Though I say it that shouldn't say it, you did really get great credit for all your performings. The Lancaster ladies thought it not things must have been made in Lancaster, or brought all the way from Philadelphia."

"Jemposiana my girl," answered Bloody, amiable, "be so good as to help me a little. I'd rather treat the best of the glass to you than wash it up myself. You are so clever at washing the, as clean and so careful of its shape."

"I was always reminded so," replied. "There's nothing like luck and slight of hand. But you're quite as smart as I am."

Next day Mr. Grasscutter came to Hillbrook, bringing with him an English gentleman, whom he introduced as Mr. Beaumont, who a fellow passenger in the ship. Mr. Beaumont had just arrived at Lancaster. He was a very fine looking man, and as much of a gentleman as the pretended Sir Gibbon de Gibb was the contrary—He inquired if the name of the Baymount family, who they had come to America, had not been Beaumont? The squire answered in the affirmative, and showed him a manuscript book, containing a brief journal kept by the first of the family that had settled near Hillbrook, and in which book occasional memorandums had been made by each of that settler's descendants.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Beaumont, "what I have been hoping, in them, true. I own a genealogical tree, dating as far back as the reign of Elizabeth. She came on the throne before Edward Beaumont. I have brought it with me."

He then took a small tin case out of his pocket and unrolled a parchment, on which the family tree was drawn with a pen. On one of the branches was inscribed the name of Richard Wilkinson Beaumont who had emigrated to America so long ago—his brother Edward Harvey Beaumont preferring to remain in England.

Mr. Beaumont then traced all the branches of the tree, till he came to his own name. He was great-grandfather was brother to the great-grandfather of Beverley and Boulter Baymount.

To be brief, his relationship to the family was satisfactorily proved, and even had there been no affinity Mr. Henry Beaumont would have contrived an excellent invitation to make them a long visit. He stayed at Hillbrook a week, and was much pleased with his relations, both their and at the farm. His intention was to travel round in America, and return home late in the autumn. The frigate to which Randal belonged, having to undergo extensive repairs before she was again ready for sea, our young hero was now on furlough, and had the agreeable prospect of being able to remain at home during several months; and Mr. Beaumont was very happy to join the squire and family in a moment's tour to the North.

When they came to the city of New York, they discovered that Julianne's two sisters had just left their mother's house, finding it more intolerable than ever to live with her, and had taken cheap lodgings, where they were taking in sewing, and endeavoring to get situations as daily governesses. The poor girls gladly consented to join the Baymounts on the return of the family to Hillbrook, and remain with them during the autumn.

Before he left America, Mr. Beaumont made another visit to his connections in Lancaster county. He found there the Miss Vancleves, who was a bachelor, and in possession of very considerable property in the English funds; and thought prepossessing at first, he impressed greatly on acquaintance. On departing for London, he carried with him Maria Vancleve as his bride, and Matilda for the companion of the former. Before his departure, he purchased some valuable stock in New York, and presented the certificates to Julianne Baymount.

The Gibbons tried awhile to return the favor of Sir Gibbon and Lady De Gold; but they were evidently laughed at—and that no effort in New York could now tolerate them. So they sold off, and removed to Canada, the man declaring that the society of the States was quite too low for him.

Mr. Randal Baymount, and Jemposiana one day, (no such good news for you, I've had a letter from my sister that lives at Montreal, away off in Canada,) and she informs me that she is going to be married to a Frenchman, who keeps the house where they are boarding. They fight like cat and dog. And you glad? And nothing more for him living with her, and that too, from out of his own house! I'm rejoiced to hear it. Now she's getting her just deserts, if she never had it before."

To conclude. At last general writing, the Baymounts are all going on well. Randal has been again to sea, on a cruise in the Mediterranean, and has written a very excellent book about it, having a friend that way and the book has gone through several editions.

Frank has long been married to Susan Sutton, and has arrived safely with her in Oregon, where he is doing wonderfully well.

Lucy has gotten out of her fairy books, and into the Waverley Novels. Both her sisters are happily married.

The farmer, as he grows older, becomes milder. He is thought by relations in his sternness after becoming the executioner of his daughters by Mrs. Pratt Craugle; since he has done them good from her, and lost their affection. He is in consequence indulgent grandfather, and often quotes the text

"Parents, provoke not your children."

PATIENCE OR IMPATIENCE.—I cannot believe that the earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the waves of eternity to float a moment upon its waters and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the phantoms of hope which keep the angels from the bosom of our hearts, are figures wandering about us, and looking us in the face with a smile of promise? Why is it that the most whole hearted confidence in human love, and friendship, and truth, is always betrayed, and the child taught to lean upon a broken reed

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years.

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13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $15 00 "
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00 "

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All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, they will shew our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small vapours.*

## NEXT YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

First and foremost, Mrs. Southworth will contribute almost exclusively to the Post. Mrs. Southworth is, in our opinion, decidedly the greatest female novelist of America; and, in many respects, she is superior to any other novelist in the country, of either sex.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well-known writers. We have two now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.—

The Iron Hand, by T. S. Arthur.

The Texan Huntress, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

And as a guarantee for the Future, we point our readers, and the public at large, to our management of the Post in the Past. We know that we have never hesitated at any reasonable expenditure to make the Post what it now is, the leading weekly of the country. And we are determined that our readers shall have the best original and selected matter that money and last and industry can procure.

Still we not have the active support of our numerous friends, in all sections of the country, as of old? We hope to double the number of our subscribers in a great many places. Who can help us? A little activity on the part of our friends will do it, and incite us to renewed exertions on their behalf.

## VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;

OR,

### THE FOSTER SISTERS.

### A WINTER EVENING'S TALE.

We design commencing this new novelet of Mrs. Southworth's in our next number. As we have every reason to believe it will be at least fully equal to either "The Deserted Wife," or "Shannondale," and perhaps even superior to them, we anticipate a great popularity for it, a great demand for it, and shall print a large number of extra copies in order to furnish back papers to those who desire them. Still, it would be a great convenience to us, if those desiring to commence with this Novelet would send in their names as early as possible. We think, with the arrangements we have made, we can safely promise every subscriber at least his full two dollars' worth of the best original and selected reading during the coming year.

## TO CLUBS.

The subscriptions of a large number of club subscribers stop with this number, the last of the year. Of course this is the last paper those will get unless they renew. Now, we shall not be surprised to see the Post *doubled* in its circulation in a few days. Now is the time for every one to get up a club. Let every one who receives this number, and who likes the Post, send us a club. Let every one who does not receive this number, and who likes the Post, get up a club. Let every one who likes the Post, get up a club. Let every one who likes the Post, get up a club. Let every one

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Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.


## From Washington.

### THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

#### SENATE.

On the 16th, Messrs. Clay, Douglass and Atchison appeared in their seats.

Mr. Atchison introduced a bill providing for the speedy construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Mississippi River, at St. Louis, to the bay of San Francisco, and to extinguish the Indian title to the lands along said highway, to establish military posts, and to grant land to actual settlers thereon.

Mr. Benton explained in a long speech his bill. It was to be a national highway, because of its centrality; because constructed by the means of the nation, and national in its duties and uses; because it is to afford a road and jeopardize the safety of travellers by all kinds of enemies now known or to be known. It embraces a railroad, plank-road, a good common road for wagons and horses, and also for pedestrians. The main road goes straight to the Pacific, and will be sixteen hundred miles long, with two branches, one to Santa Fe, three hundred miles long, and another to Oregon, five hundred miles long. The grant of land to be one hundred miles wide, and the whole amount of land granted to be about one hundred and fifty millions of acres.

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# Selected Poetry.

## THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead?
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes amidst the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of earthless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not—
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read upon
Its sky-entranced eyes the tender thought.

Will not the even speech before departed me the test—
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever on thy prayer—
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in Heaven?

In meadows fanned by Heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the reared harbors of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of th' unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life and be no more?

A happier lot thou mayst, and larger light
Await there thee; for thou hast loved thy well
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and rendered good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet there, with them who reap the glory of the sky
Will thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair, cherished fame and gentle eye,
Loveller in Heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this?
The wisdom that is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

## PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Ah, time moves not the same time
By us when we were young—
When it called us to the moonlight,
With mirth, mirth, and song!
Ah, time is not the same time
With many a change on high;
And on the quiet chamber-board
There's many a friend less now!

Ah, time is not the same time
It was in days of yore;
I hear children sunbed around us
That smile for us no more—
But they're in heaven—and angels,
That we love, may not see.
Are looking down from paradise,
And blessing thee and me.

And when the days shall rise, love,
And many it not be far,
Our children from the skies love,
Shall come to where we are;
They'll be the first to meet us,
And left us from the sod,
Their hands be lent to greet us
And lead us to our God!

# Leaves from History

## THE TRUE STORY OF JANE McCREA.

FROM LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

The first place of historic interest that we visited at Fort Edward was the venerable and blasted pine tree, near which, tradition asserts, the unfortunate Jane McCrea lost her life while General Burgoyne had his encampment near Sandy Hill. It stands upon the West side of the road leading from Fort Edward to Sandy Hill, and about half a mile from the canal-lock in the former village. The tree had exhibited unaccountable signs of decadence for several years, and when we visited it, it was sapless and bare. Its top was torn off by a November gale, and almost every breeze diminishes its size by scattering its decayed twigs. The trunk is about five feet in diameter, and upon the bark is engraved, in bold letters, JANE McCREA, 1777. The names of many ambitious visitors are inscribed upon it, and reminded me of the time.—Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree." In a few years this tree, around which history and romance have clustered so many associations, will crumble and pass away forever.

The sad story of the unfortunate girl is so interwoven in our history that it has become a component part; but it is told with so many variations, in essential and non-essential particulars, that much of the narrative we have is evidently pure fiction; a simple tale of Indian abduction, resulting in death, having its counterpart in a hundred like occurrences, has been garnished with all the high coloring of a romantic love story. It seems a pity to spoil the romance in the matter, but truth always makes sad havoc with the frost-work of the imagination, and sternly demands the homage of the historian's pen.

All accounts agree that Miss McCrea was staying at the house of a Mrs. M'Neil, near the fort, at the time of the tragedy. A grand-daughter of Mrs. M'Neil (Mrs. F——) is now living at Fort Edward, and from her I received a minute account of the whole transaction, as she had heard it a "thousand times" from her grandmother. She is a woman of remarkable intelligence, about sixty years old. When I was at Fort Edward she was on a visit with her sister at Glenn's Falls. It had been my intention to go direct to Whitehall, on Lake Champlain, by way of Fort Ann, but the traditionary accounts in the neighborhood of the event in question, were so contradictory of the books, and I received such assurances that perfect reliance might be placed upon the statements of Mrs. F——n, that, anxious to ascertain the truth of the matter, if possible, we went to Lake Champlain by way of Glenn's Falls and Lake George. After considerable search at the falls, I found Mrs. F——n, and the following is her relation of the tragedy at Fort Edward:

Jane McCrea was the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman of Jersey City, opposite New York, and while Mrs. M'Neil (then a wife of the former husband named Campbell) was a resident of New York City, an acquaintance and intimacy had grown up between Jenny and her daughter. After the death of Campbell (which occurred at sea), Mrs. Campbell married M'Neil. He, too, was lost at sea, and she removed with her family to an estate owned by him at Fort Edward. Mr. McCrea, who was a Whig, died, and Jane went to live with her brother near Fort Edward, where the intimacy of former years with Mrs. M'Neil and her daughter was renewed, and Jane spent much of her time at Mrs. M'Neil's home. Near her brother's lived a family named Jones, consisting a widow and six sons, and between Jenny and David Jones, a gay young beau, a feeling of friendship budded and opened into reciprocal love. When the war broke out the Joneses took the royal side of the question, and David and his brother Jonathan went to Canada in the autumn of 1776. They formed a company of about sixty men, under pretext of re-enforcing the American garrison at Ticonderoga, but they went further down the lake and joined the British garrison at Crown Point. When Burgoyne collected his forces at St. John's, at the foot of Lake Champlain, David and Jonathan Jones were among them. Jonathan was made Captain and David a Lieutenant in the division under General Fraser, and at the time in question they were with the British army near Sandy Hill.—Thus far all accounts nearly agree.

The brother of Jenny was a Whig, and prepared to move to Albany; but Mrs. M'Neil, who was a cousin of General Fraser (killed at Stillwater), was a staunch loyalist, and intended to remain at Fort Edward. When the British were near, they sent to Mrs. M'Neil's, and inquired if there were other repeated solicitations from her brother to return to his house, five miles further down the river, to be ready to flee when necessity should compel. A third huge that she might come! her lover disliked to wait the speed of her carriage. At last her patience worn out, a peremptory order for her to join him, and the promise to go down in a large canoe which was expected to arrive with several families on the following day.

Early the next morning a black servant boy belonging to Mrs. M'Neil called some Indians stealthily approaching the house, and giving the alarm to the inmates, he fled to the fort, about eighty rods distant. Mrs. M'Neil's daughter, the young friend of Jenny, and mother of my informant, was with some friends in Argyle, and the family consisted of only the widow and Jenny, two small children, and a black female servant. Against all their fears, the Indians aboard a few feet from the house, and when the alarm was given the black woman snatched up the children, fled to the kitchen, and retreated through a trap-door to the cellar. Mrs. M'Neil and Jenny followed, but the former being aged and very corpulent, and the latter young and agile, Jenny reached the trap-door first. Before Mrs. M'Neil could fully descend, the Indians were in the house, and a powerful savage seized her by the hair and dragged her up. Another went into the cellar and brought out Jenny, but the blank face of the negro woman was not seen in the dark, and she and the children remained undiscovered.

With the two women the savages started off, on the road to Sandy Hill, for Burgoyne's camp; and when they came to the foot of the ascent on which the *pine tree* stands, where the road forked, they caught two horses that were grazing, and attempted to place their prisoners upon them. Mrs. M'Neil was too heavy to be lifted on the horse easily, and as she signified by signs that she could not ride, two Indians took her by the arms and hurried her up the road over the hill, while the others, with Jenny on the horse, went along the road running West of the tree.

The negro boy who ran to the fort gave the alarm, and a small detachment was immediately sent out to effect a rescue. They fired several volleys at the Indians, but the savages escaped unharmed. Mrs. M'Neil said that the Indians, who were hurrying her up the hill, seemed to watch the flash of the guns, and several times they threw her upon her face, at the same time falling down themselves, and she distinctly heard the balls which were fired whistle. When they got above the second hill from the village the firing ceased; they then stopped, stripped her of all her garments except her chemise, and in that plight led her into the British camp. There she met her kinsman, General Fraser, and reproached him bitterly for sending his "scoundrel Indians" after her. He denied all knowledge of her being away from the city of New York, and took every pains to make her comfortable. She was so large that not a woman in camp had a gown big enough for her, so Fraser lent her his camp coat for a garment, and a pocket-handkerchief as a substitute for her stolen cap.

Very soon after Mrs. M'Neil was taken into the British camp, two parties of Indians arrived with scalps. She at once recognized the glossy hair of Jenny," and, though shuddering with horror, boldly charged the savages with her murder, which they stoutly denied. They averred that while hurrying her along the road on horseback, near the spring West of the *pine tree*, a bullet from one of the American guns, intended for them, mortally wounded the poor girl, and she fell from the horse. Sure of losing a prisoner by death, they took her scalp as the next best thing for them to do, and that they bore in triumph to the camp, to obtain the promised reward for such trophies. Mrs. M'Neil always believed the story of the Indians to be true, for she knew that they were fired upon by the detachment from the fort, and it was far more to their interest to carry a prisoner than a scalp to the British commander, the price for the former being much greater. In fact, the Indians were so restricted by Burgoyne's humane instructions respecting the taking of scalps, that their chief solicitude was to bring a prisoner alive and unharmed into the camp. And the probability that Miss McCrea was killed as they alleged is strengthened by the fact that they took the corpulent Mrs. M'Neil, with much fatigue and difficulty, unharmed to the British lines, while Miss McCrea, quite light and already on horseback, might have been carried off with far greater ease.

It was known in camp that Lieutenant Jones was betrothed to Jenny, and the story got abroad that he had sent the Indians for her, that they quarreled on the way respecting the reward he had offered, and murdered her to settle the dispute. Receiving high vouchers of coloring as it went from one narrator to another, the sad story became a tale of darkest horror, and produced a deep and wide-spread indignation. This was heightened by a published letter from Gates to Burgoyne, charging him with allowing the Indians to butcher with impunity defenceless women and children. "Upwards of one hundred men, women, and children," said Gates, "have perished by the hands of the ruffians, to whom, it is asserted, you have paid the price of blood."—Burgoyne flatly denied this assertion, and declared that the case of Jane M'Crea was the only act of Indian cruelty of which he was informed. His information must have been exceeding limited, for on the same day when Jenny lost her life, a party of savages murdered the whole family of John Allen, of Argyle, consisting of himself, his wife, three children, a sister-in-law, and three negroes. The daughter of Mrs. M'Neil, already mentioned, was then at the house of Mr. Allen's father-in-law, Mr. Gilmer, who, as well as Mr. Allen, was a Tory. Both were afraid of the savages, nevertheless, and were preparing to flee to Albany. On the morning of the massacre a younger daughter of Mr. Gilmer went to assist Mrs. Allen in preparing to remove. Not returning when expected, her father sent a negro boy to look for her. He soon returned, screaming, "They are all dead—father, mother, young misses, and all!" It was too true. That morning, while all the family were at breakfast, the Indians burst in upon them and slaughtered every one. Mr. Gilmer and his family left in great haste for Fort Edward, but proceeded very cautiously for fear of the savages. When near the fort, and creeping madly along a ravine, they discovered a portion of the very party who had plundered Mrs. M'Neil's house in the morning. They had emptied the straw from the beds and filled the ticks with stolen articles. Mrs. M'Neil's daughter, who accompanied the fugitive family, saw her mother's looking-glass tied upon the back of one of the savages. They succeeded in reaching the fort in safety.

Burgoyne must soon have forgotten this event, and the alarm among the loyalists because of the murder of a Tory and his family; forgotten how they flocked to his camp for protection, and Fraser's remark to the frightened loyalists, "It is a conquered country, and we must wink at these things;" and how his own positive orders to the Indians not to molest those having protection, caused many of them to leave him and return to their hunting-grounds on the St. Lawrence. It was all dark and dreadful, and Burgoyne was willing to entrust behind a false assertion, to escape the perils which were sure to grow out of an admission of half the truth of Gates's letter. That letter, as Sparks justly remarks, was more severe than invisible, and abounded more in bad taste than simplicity and pathos; yet it was suited to the feelings of the moment, and produced a lively impression in every part of America. Burke, in the exercise of all his glowing eloquence, used the story with powerful effect in the British House of Commons, and made the fireside tale familiar throughout all Europe.

Burgoyne, who was at Fort Ann, instituted an inquiry into the matter. He summoned the Indians to council, and demanded the surrender of the man who bore off the scalp, to be punished as a murderer. The Indians feared the displeasure of the leader of the matter, and utterly disclaimed any such participation as the sending of a letter to Jenny, or of an Indian escort to bring her to camp. He had no motive for so doing, for the American army was then retreating; a small guard only was at Fort Edward, and in a day or two the British would have full possession of that fort, when he could have a personal interview with Jenny. Burgoyne, instigated by motives of policy rather than by judgment and inclination, pardoned the savage who escaped poor Jenny, leaving that a final deliverance of the Indians would be the result of his punishment.

Lieutenant Jones, chilled with horror, not spoken or quit by the event, tendered a resignation of his commission, but it was refused. He purchased the scalp of his Jenny, and with this cherished memorial abandoned, with his brothers before the army reached Saratoga, and retired to Canada. Various accounts have been given respecting the subsequent fate of Lieutenant Jones. Some assert that, perfectly desperate and careless of life, he rushed into the thickest of the battle on Bemis's Heights, and was slain; while others allege that he died within three years afterward, heart-broken and insane. But neither assertion is true. While searching for Mrs. F——n among her friends at Glenn's Falls, I called at the house of Judge R——, whose lady is related by marriage to the family of Jones. Her aunt married a brother of Lieutenant Jones, and she often heard this lady speak of him. He went to Canada to be an old man, and died but a few years ago. The death of Jenny was a heavy blow, and he never recovered from it. In youth he was gay and exceedingly garrulous, but after that terrible event he was melancholy and taciturn. The pretty maiden, and avoided society as much as humanity would permit. Toward the close of July in every year, when the anniversary of the tragedy approached, he would shut himself in his room, and refuse the sight of every one; and at all times his friends avoided any reference to the Revolution in his presence.

At the time of this tragical event the American army, under General Schuyler, was encamped at Moss's Creek, five miles below Fort Edward. There was then no difficulty in passing under the command of Arnold, who had just marched the army. His division included the four-gated regiment. A picket-guard of one hundred men, under Lieutenant Van Vechten, was stationed on the hill a little north of the pine tree, at the moment when the house of Mrs. M'Neil was attacked and plundered, and herself and Jenny were carried off, other parties of Indians, belonging to the same expedition, came rushing through the woods from different points, and fell upon the Americans. Lieutenant Van Vechten and several others were killed and their scalps torn off. Their bodies, with that of Jenny, were found by the party that went out from the fort in pursuit. She and the others were lying near together, close by the spring already mentioned, and only

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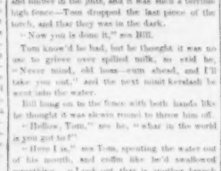
# Wit and Humor.



## THE COON HUNT, OR A FENCY COUNTRY.

'Tis really astonishing what a messerous sight of mischief there is in a pint of rum. If one of 'em was to be submitted to a analization, as the doctor's call it, it would be found to contain all manner of devilment that ever entered the head of man, from cussin' and stealin' up to murder, and whippin his own mother, not to enterage such to turn all the world out of their senses. If a man's got any badness in him, it'll bring it out just as assafras tea does the measles, and if he's a good for nuthin sort of a feller, without no bad traits in particular, it'll bring out all kinds of messes. It affects different people in different ways—it makes some men messerous brave and full of fight, and some it makes cowards—some it makes rich and happy, and some poor and miserable, and it makes a different effect on dumb beast people's eyes—some it makes see double and some it makes so blind that they can't tell the swolves from a side of bacon. One of the worst cases of rum-foolery that I've heard of for a long time, took place in Pineville this assertion, and declared that the case of Jane M.-Crea was the only act of Indian cruelty of which he was informed. His information must have been exceeding limited, for on the same day when Jenny lost her life, a party of savages murdered the whole family of John Allen, of Argyle, consisting of himself, his wife, three children, a sister-in-law, and three negroes. The daughter of Mrs. M'Neil, already mentioned, was then at the house of Mr. Allen's father-in-law, Mr. Gilmer, who, as well as Mr. Allen, was a Tory. Both were afraid of the savages, nevertheless, and were preparing to flee to Albany. On the morning of the massacre a younger daughter of Mr. Gilmer went to assist Mrs. Allen in preparing to remove. Not returning when expected, her father sent a negro boy to look for her. He soon returned, screaming, "They are all dead—father, mother, young misses, and all!" It was too true. That morning, while all the family were at breakfast, the Indians burst in upon them and slaughtered every one. Mr. Gilmer and his family left in great haste for Fort Edward, but proceeded very cautiously for fear of the savages. When near the fort, and creeping madly along a ravine, they discovered a portion of the very party who had plundered Mrs. M'Neil's house in the morning. They had emptied the straw from the beds and filled the ticks with stolen articles. Mrs. M'Neil's daughter, who accompanied the fugitive family, saw her mother's looking-glass tied upon the back of one of the savages. They succeeded in reaching the fort in safety.

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Thanksgiving.—We have still amongst us many who adhere to the old fashioned proclamation, and sometimes it occasions merriment. For example—A short time since, in a neighborhood (this was under Independent in New Jersey, the old farmer goes in his testimony, going to meeting, and "Squire ——'s" turn was down to the edge of the swamp, and so along up by the creek till it reached the wood during up by the creek; and Squire ——'s farm was divided, and he considered to be North of that line." A grave and intelligent Jurist of New York, retained opposition to this law, asked the witness, "Where is your date for this supposition?" "My date, why, bless your soul, I never had a date on it I was on; I have been here ever since, and one lives in here, and 'other has gone to California."

Here is mixed ignorance, and less true—A very able but rather dry preacher held forth on "grace" and "A soul;" and sundry other rather complex doctrine of religion, till his hearers were nearly asleep, at last he concluded with this *soul-saving* remark: "My dear hearers, these all, I can only say is, however true I believe all I have said to be, *human nature* don't agree with me." Here he died. The next day one of his excellent deacons called on him, and says he, "Doctor, I was a little concerned by your sermon yesterday, and so prin is, too; and the fact is, nary one on us hardly likes the *common* notary, and as I have brought you a bag of rale Down-East *blue nosed* the are the best taters you ever eat in your born days. Ride 'em dry, Doctor, and they are as mealy as dried flour."

The Hibernian Recruiting.—Frederick, of Prussia, had a mania for raising gigantic soldiers into the "Royal Guard," and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them. One day a recruiting sergeant chanced to spy an Hibernian who was at least seven feet high; he accosted him in English, and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of a military life and a large bounty so delighted Patrick, that he at once consented.

"But," says the sergeant, "unless you can speak German, the King will not give you so much."

"Oh, be jabbers," said the Irishman, "shure it's I that don't know a word of German."

"But," said the sergeant, "three words will be sufficient, and these you can learn in a short time. The King knows every man in the Guards, as quick as he sees you he will ride up and ask how old you are. You will say twenty-seven—next how long you have been in the service; you must reply, three weeks—finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations; you answer, both."

Patrick soon learned to pronounce his answers, but never dreamed of learning the questions. In three weeks he appeared before the King in review. His majesty rode up to him; Paddy stepped forward with "present arms."

"How old are you?" said the King.

"Three weeks," said the Irishman.

"How long have you been in the service?" asked his majesty.

"Twenty-seven years."

"Can you speak German?"

"Both," replied Patrick; who was instantly taken to the guard-house.

An Enlightened Flock.—It circulated of sweetly diction, whose field of labors was situated two many hundred miles from Salem, that he preached politics to his congregation for such a length of time that even the oldest church members forgot all about the gospel, and felt into a profound ignorance; and Spoke ——'s farm was down to the edge of the swamp, and so along up by creek till it reached the wood during up by the creek; and Squire ——'s farm was divided, and he considered to be North of that line." A grave and intelligent Jurist of New York, retained opposition to this law, asked the witness, "Where is your *data* for this supposition?" "My *data*, why, bless your soul, I never had a *data* on it I was on; I have been here ever since, and one lives in here, and 'other has gone to California."

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